

The Critic

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A Hundred American Authors.

THE following is a list of the hundred American authors perhaps worthiest of being read by their fellow-countrymen of the present day. It is not pretended that every native writer is included in it, who deserves to be known by good Americans in quest of literary culture; but we have found it impossible to squeeze more than a hundred names into a list of a hundred authors. Irving, Emerson, Franklin, Lowell, Holmes, Logfellow and Hawthorne are amongst the missing, for the excellent reason that they have 'gone up higher'—that is to say, they were named in the general list of one hundred and twenty-five of the world's great writers printed a week ago. The following list was sent out, together with the one just mentioned, to the ladies and gentlemen to whom we have already expressed our obligations for assistance in revising the published roll; but so great was their embarrassment in omitting the names of their contemporaries, that we have preferred to print the list as our own, and as it originally stood, only adding two names—which two we shall not say!—to fill the blanks caused by the inclusion of Irving and Longfellow amongst the twenty-five names added to the original list of a hundred authors of all times and nations. The name of R. W. Gilder was suggested for the following list by a number of correspondents, but is omitted 'for obvious reasons.'

ALDRICH.	KING, CLARENCE.
BANCROFT, GEORGE.	LANIER.
BEECHER.	LATHROP.
BOKER.	LINCOLN.
BRYANT.	LOUNSBURY.
BUNNEN.	MADISON.
BURNETT, MRS.	MARSH.
BURROUGHS.	MATHER, COTTON.
BUSHNELL.	MELVILLE.
CABLE.	MERRIAM.
CHANNING.	MITCHELL.
CLARKE, J. F.	MOTLEY.
CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN).	MULFORD.
COOKE, J. E.	MUNGER.
COOKE, G. W.	NADAL.
COOPER.	MURFREE, MISS. (CHARLES
CRAWFORD.	EGBERT CRADDOCK.)
CURTIS, G. W.	NORTON, C. E.
DANA, R. H. Poems.	PAINE.
DANA, R. H., Jr.	PALFREY.
DODGE, MRS. M. M.	PARKER.
DRAKE.	PARKMAN.
EDWARDS, JONATHAN.	PARSONS, T. W.
EGGLESTON, E.	POE.
FISHER.	PRESCOTT.
FISKE.	PRESTON, MISS H. W.
FOOTE, MRS.	READ.
FRENEAU.	SCHOOLCRAFT.
FROTHINGHAM.	SIMMS.
FULLER, MARGARET.	STEDMAN.

GRANT, U. S.	STOCKTON.
HALE.	STODDARD, R. H.
HALLECK.	STORY, W. W.
HAMILTON.	STOWE, MRS.
HARRIS (UNCLE REMUS).	TAYLOR.
HARRISON, J. A.	THOMAS, MISS.
HARTE.	THOREAU.
HAWTHORNE, J.	TICKNOR.
HAY.	TIMROD.
HAYNE.	WARNER.
HIGGINSON.	WASHINGTON.
HILDRETH.	WEBSTER.
HOLLAND.	WHITE, R. G.
HOPKINSON, F.	WHITMAN.
HOWE, MRS.	WHITNEY, W. D.
HOWELLS.	WHITTIER.
HUDSON, H. N.	WILLIS.
JACKSON, MRS. (H. H.).	WILSON, FORCEYTHE.
JAMES.	WINTHROP.
JEFFERSON.	WOOLMAN.
	WOOLSON, MISS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

Your list of the world's great authors certainly contains few whom an English or American reader, aiming at literary culture, can 'afford to leave unread.' I shall not venture to strike out any,—but, with all admiration for our brilliant and honored Dr. Holmes, I think his name, for consistency's sake, should be removed to your supplementary list of American authors. In a word, have not Jonathan Edwards, Longfellow, Poe, among others, equal claims to go upon your cosmopolitan list?

There are various authors who seem to be more needful and notable than some who figure upon List No. I; such as A. de Tocqueville, Michelet, Taine, Dumas, *père* ('Monte Cristo,' 'The Three Guardsmen,' etc.); and why not A. de Musset, whom Taine prefers to Tennyson? Should not the poetry and drama of Spain be represented—possibly by Calderon? It is a surprise to find Lucretius, Rabelais, Petrarch, Molière,* Fielding,* and H. Heine* omitted from such a list. Since you have Cicero, Vergil, Horace, Livy, should not Terence and Plautus be included as dramatists and for their presentation of *colloquial* Latin? Where is Lessing*, the noblest of critics? You admit certain philosophers: what of Berkeley, Locke, Kant,* and the greatest living thinker, Eduard von Hartmann? You include Andersen and Grimm. I would add Perrault, and our English Fairy Tales; also, Mother Goose. Percy's *Reliques* was an 'epochal' book, but Prof. Child's 'Ballads' is far more comprehensive. Franklin, Balzac and Landor should be represented by their 'Complete Works.' Scott's 'Life of Napoleon,' a book unworthy of its author, should be stricken out. Finally, I would include the Nibelungen Lied, the great Indian epics, and Bakin—the Japanese romancer.

When we come to the supplementary American list, it seems to me that there are not a few on it who owe their admission to a popularity no more significant than that which was enjoyed by many of an earlier date whose names you have forgotten. Among those who have at least equal claims are (old and new): The early historians, Bradford and Winthrop; Dunlap and Royall Tyler, fathers of the American drama; Charles Brockden Brown; Sylvester Judd, certainly; J. P. Kennedy, Paulding, Trumbull ('McFingal'), Wirt, William Austin and William Ware; Everett was as much of a *littérateur* as Madison, notwithstanding *The Federalist*; and I would add Whipple, Rose Terry Cooke, and Prof. Tyler—our literary historian. To the brothers Duyckinck we owe a lasting debt.

A suggestion. It would be a pretty thing to make a supplementary list of 'Little Classics,'—the brief, exquisite, or

* This name appears in the list published July 17th. Eds. CRITIC.

in some way fascinating, tales, treatises, etc., for which their authors are remembered. As examples that come at once to mind, I mention: Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,' St. Pierre's 'Paul and Virginia,' Beckford's 'Vathek,' Fouqué's 'Undine,' Chamisso's 'Peter Schlemihl,' Rochefoucauld's 'Maxims,' Zschokke's 'Poor Vicar,' Pultock's 'Peter Wilkins,' and Mrs. Shelley's 'Frankenstein.' Pré-vost's 'Manon Lescaut' might be included by those of 'a broad literary culture.' William Austin's 'Peter Rugg' is the most imaginative and original tale written by an American before Poe and Hawthorne's time, but now strangely neglected.

NEW YORK, June, 1886.

E. C. STEDMAN.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

I have devoted some time to the study of the lists you kindly sent me, as I have to the perusal of others which appeared in *The Pall Mall Gazette*. I think that there are very grave difficulties in the way of forming any definite scheme of reading, and I do not consider myself a competent judge. I will say in regard to the first list, however, that since Æschylus, Aristophanes and Euripides are recommended, the omission of Sophocles is unwarrantable. His name might take the place of 'White's Natural History of Selborne.' I think, too, that with a view to general literary culture, it would be much more important to read Longfellow* than Lowell. I think that you should give Rousseau's 'Social Contract,' as well as the 'Confessions,' for Carlyle regarded the former as the author's greatest work, unless I am mistaken. Further, I may point out that scholars no longer attribute the 'Imitation of Christ' to Thomas à Kempis, and that the best modern editions are printed without his name.† But the book should stand. I think Napoleon III.'s *Life of Cæsar*, though unfinished, deserves a place. And instead of reading Voltaire's complete works, I would substitute for his *History of France*, which is practically worthless, the *History of Henri Martin*, which is a valuable work. I would not omit Landor's 'Gebir,' as none of his verses are given, and the poem is very fine. Franklin's *Autobiography* is interesting, but it has not the value of Prescott's or of Irving's* works. Both of these authors are in the second list, and deserve as high a place as Green in the first.

I am much flattered at being placed in the second list, but I am quite willing to resign my place to Mr. Edgar Fawcett if no other can be found for him. I think it is a pity, where so many novelists find a place, to omit Miss Fletcher, who writes under the name of 'George Fleming' ('Kismet' and other novels), and is an American—and writes well.

In the first list again, I notice the omission of Macaulay's name.* Whatever we may say of the tone of his *History of England*, when in pursuit of literary culture, I do not think we are justified in overlooking one who is such a master of style for the sake of reading Le Sage's 'Gil Blas,' however amusing the latter may prove to be.

To select is in this case to criticise, and I am not able to do that. I will only add that in the first list the number of authors might be increased without increasing the number of volumes; for there are certainly some novels among the complete works of Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, which might well give place to an equal number of volumes of French plays and memoirs. Racine* and Corneille* are classics and should be read in part. So Alfred de Musset. The memoirs collected by Victor Cousin, those of Saint Simon and many others deserve some study, even if only a portion of each be read; and it is remarkable that in such a list as the first, there is to be found no history of our own country. That by Mr. Bancroft might be substituted with

advantage for some parts of Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Philosophical Works*. It is on the whole indicative of the present taste in our country, that where Longfellow, Bancroft, Irving, Prescott and Webster are excluded, Dr. Holmes and Mr. Lowell should find a place, well deserved indeed, but surely not better earned than that of those great men. If these few remarks appear to you to be of any use, pray use them as you please.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

SANT AQUELLO DI SORRENTO, June 14th, 1886.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

Your excellent list of one hundred authors to be read for broad literary culture is received and has been carefully considered. I do not find it easy to suggest undoubted improvements. Fixing in mind, however, the criterion named—"broad literary culture"—I venture to propose a few changes which I will name in the order of their importance. 1. The Elder Edda (Thorpe's translation). 2. The *Nibelungen Lied* (Lettsom's transl.). The first and second give the spirit of our ancestral race as projected in their gods and heroes. 3. The *Rig Veda* (Max Müller's tr.). 4. The *Bhagavad Gita* (J. Cockburn Thomson's tr.). The *Veda* gives the earliest picture of the Indo-European race, and like Homer's poetry shows us the genesis of spiritual consciousness through the perception of correspondence between material phenomena and the attributes of the human soul. The *Bhagavad Gita* is an episode introduced into the greater national epic, and forms a sort of epitome of all East-Indian thought. In an important sense it may be said to unfold the chief idea that prevails throughout all Asiatic history. 5. The *Zend Avesta* (Darmesteter's tr.). Another sacred book which reveals the Persian ideas that moved to great national conquests affecting all Western Asia and finally kindling European civilization by the process of reaction begun by Athens and completed under Alexander the Great, who, in turn, imposed European ideas on Asia. 6. Sophocles, the greatest of Greek tragedians. 7. Tacitus, next to Thucydides as a historian, and of especial interest to us—after Cæsar's *Commentaries*—in his *Agricola* and *Germania* making us acquainted with the actual primitive condition of our ancestors. 8. Hegel's 'Philosophy of History' (Bohn's tr.). The most successful attempt at stating the principles underlying the several civilizations that have appeared—a sort of 'comparative' history—like comparative anatomy or philology. 9. Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason,' important to literary culture because it has produced and is still producing revolutions in the ideas that are the fountain source of literature. 10. Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' important for being the key to the use of mythology in Classic and Mediæval literatures.—I should be glad to add the following as indispensable:—11. George Herbert's *Poems*. 12. Marlowe's *Dramas*. 13. Saint Augustine's 'City of God.' 14. Spinoza's 'Ethics' and 'Correspondence.' I think, too, that the following deserve a place:—15. Hobbes' 'Leviathan.' 16. Sterne's 'Tristram Shandy.' 17. Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations.' 18. Thomas Campbell's *Poems*. 19. Collins' *Poems*.

To make room for the first eleven of those above recommended, I would omit: 1. La Fontaine. 2. Andersen's *Fairy Tales*. 3. Walton. 4. Diderot. 5. Hallam. 6. De Quincey. 7. More's 'Utopia.' 8. Theocritus. 9. Boccaccio's 'Decameron.' 10. White's 'Selborne.' 11. Voltaire. I think that four or five others might be exchanged with advantage for an equal number of the remainder of the list from number 12 to number 19. I would add to the works of Goethe named 'Reynard the Fox' on account of its epic significance, relative to the development of diplomacy in the Holy Roman Empire and the decadence of brute violence. Also to Bacon's *Essays*, his 'Advancement of Learning' as far more important in a purely literary sense, giving as it does a survey of the genealogical tree of all literature, science and history—three coördinate

* This name appears in the list published July 17th. *EDS. CRITIC.*

† We think if the question were put to vote, a large majority of scholars would express confidence in Thomas à Kempis's authorship of the 'Imitation.' *EDS. CRITIC.*

branches of human learning. For Rousseau's 'Confessions' I would substitute the 'Émile' as the book that prepared all Europe for revolution.

In the list of American authors it seems to me that the following ought to have a place:—Edward Everett, F. H. Hedge, E. P. Whipple, Wendell Phillips, Horace Mann, Noah Porter, Louisa M. Alcott, Theodore O'Hara, William Wirt, John C. Calhoun and Charles Sumner. But I do not dare to say how I would make room for them by omissions.

CONCORD, MASS., May 12th, 1886. WM. T. HARRIS.

Reviews

Among the Poets.*

IF NONE of the poets whose volumes lie on our table to-day make a high bid for fame, doubtless all of them find an immediate spiritual profit in verse-writing which will stand as a fair compensation for the fame denied them. There are good poets and indifferent poets; but when we strike the balance of enjoyment obtained by the two sorts from the practice of their art, who will dare to say that a Longfellow outweighs any, the least, in the poet's corner of our rural weeklies? Poetical composition is its own reward in each case. So we must believe. There is but little other, we know; and the poets continue to multiply.

Here are two in paper covers—both of a religious cast, and by no means inferior to many we find in richer bindings. W. E. Davenport writes in blank verse of 'The Open Vision of the City of New York, or the Revelation of Society: Its true welfare and destiny discovered in the experience of the Individual Soul.' This is the sub-title. He calls the book 'The Perpetual Fire.' (1). If the sub-title suggests to any one a sermon in verse, it will not much mislead him. The author writes:

Yesterday noon
Lonely I travelled on a lott steep
O'erlooking the City from the north and west,
And even as in one inspired there arose
Powerfully within me that high, solemn thought—
Once and again and often entertained,—
That I even in my youth (leaving all else),
Might without weakness or conceit or wrong,
Purely and wholly dedicate my life
To this great purpose: In a song to write
The vision of this great City.

The task is certainly a great one, and the author should have the sympathy of all good people, if he is to carry it out.

'Beyond the Veil' (2) by Alice Brotherton, is also a vision in verse, wherein the New Jerusalem appears. It is a rhapsody rather than a sermon, and more poetical than the other. Neither sermon nor rhapsody is to be found in 'Ashes for Flame' (3), by Caroline Howe; but simple home songs are there, in plain measures and of some local value. The poem from which the volume gets its name is perhaps as good as any. It is a picture of sunset—a still sunset, broken at last by a single bird-note. The bird-note suggests a moral:

If thou the simplest song can sing,
By which another's thought may rise
To animate and crystallize,
Although thy song unseen takes wings,
Sing on! And sing unfaltering!

* 1. The Perpetual Fire. Part III. By W. E. Davenport. Brooklyn: W. E. Davenport. 2. Beyond the Veil. By Alice Williams Brotherton. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 3. Ashes for Flame. By Caroline Dana Howe. Portland, Me.: Loring, Short & Harmon. 4. Vapid Vaporings. By Justin Thyme. Notre Dame, Ind.: Scholastic Publishing House. 5. Stray Thoughts, or Poems. By Maria Hildreth Parker. Cupples, Upham & Co. 6. The Skeleton and the Rose. By Henry Frank. Brentano Brothers. 7. Montezuma. By Henry Hoyt Richmond. San Francisco: Golden Era Co. 8. Shore Life in Song. By William Hale. Biddeford, Me.: Biddeford Journal Office. 9. The Vision of Gold, and Other Poems. By Lillian Rosell Messenger. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10. Daisies in Verse. By Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer. J. B. Lippincott Co. 11. Lyrics of Life. By John Grosvenor Wilson. New York: Caxton Book Concern. 12. The Poet Scout. By Capt. Jack Crawford. Funk & Wagnalls. 13. In Primrose Time. By Sarah M. B. Platt. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 14. Ripple Brook, etc. By Joseph Barnett Cowdin. Brooklyn: D. S. Holmes. 15. John Brown. By William Ellery Channing. Cupples, Upham & Co.

Ere purple shadows onward drift,
And twilight brings its slow surprise,
Ashes for flame! The day's last gift.

None of these singers are great, but they are all earnest, and have a purpose in their song, useful to some at least—a thing which one would hardly predicate of the 'Vapid Vaporings' of Justin Thyme (4), who rattles you rhymes easily enough on any subject and in any style, and sets a price upon them in his title quite equal to their worth. A modest title on a handsome volume is Maria Parker's 'Stray Thoughts' (5). Some ten of the 'thoughts' are illustrated, and both illustrations and poems show a taste in the writer for homely, plain life. While the verse often halts and shows an untrained ear and but few of the graces of fine poetry, it is to be said that the author's request for a hearing is a modest one. It quite disarms the critic to be told that a poet will be happy with but a single reader. Mr. Frank in 'The Skeleton and the Rose' (6) is equally modest in his demands, but far more flowery in his methods. There is quite as much poetry in his preface as in his verses. 'Written,' he says, 'in the wanderings of a varied pilgrimage by rivers' banks, on mountain heights; in golden orange-groves; where bend the graceful palm and willow or towers the stately pine; by the rocking sea-wave's shore; in the shadows of dark and awful canyons; each line associated with some memento culled from almost every State and Territory of our Great Republic—these breathings of a pensive heart are set afloat with tremblings and misgivings, pleading only leniency in damning, if praise cannot be granted.' Mr. Richmond is more ambitious. Nothing less than a large slice of Mexican history will satisfy him for a subject; and, at the end of a six-page introduction and argument, after speaking of the 'positive pleasure experienced both in the progress and completion of such a work as this' (7) he says: 'If I shall have been as fortunate in securing and retaining an audience, I shall be twice blessed; for our highest ambition should ever be that of contributing to the happiness of others.' His poem, which fills 144 pages, opens in Egypt, travels by way of Asia to America, and closes with the Spaniards in Mexico. For historical basis, it takes the story of the Aztecs as told in Prescott and the California Bancroft, and by various ingenious additions, partly mythical but largely fanciful, it traces the Aztec civilization to the dispersal at Shinai, where, in a contest of idolatries, a new religion is evolved, and a migration initiated. The eastern peoples of the West—notably the Mound-Builders—are accounted for, and the final settlement in Mexico is reached; the decay of the early religion and lapse into idolatry are traced; and finally the rise and fall of the Montezumas shown. All this is done—but with variations—in decasyllabic verse, partly blank, partly rhymed. The verse is easy, dignified—the verse of a scholar who is well read in heroic measure. It is quite up to much that passed for good poetry in the early years of this century both here and in England; but it lacks most of the additions which one born with the poetic vision would have discovered, to enhance the good rhythm and scholarly treatment. Mr. Richmond is fond of words rarely used, and sometimes presses raw recruits into the language without due examination. One starts a little at such expressions as a 'brow-bedabbled man, upon whose cheek sheds every day God's sunshine' (p. 18); 'I am not come to woe ye to destruction' (p. 21); 'who knelt in rapturehood and prayer' (p. 24); 'give back his witnesshood' (p. 28); 'one day of peculience and power' (p. 28); 'and from what source did he become enlit?' (p. 32); 'others tried to win his mooding back to earth' (p. 73); 'thus have I doled and pondered on it well' (p. 76). 'Unctious' (p. 17) is probably a misprint.

It may seem a long stretch from the Montezumas to Ogunquit-on-the-sea; but while one poet finds his enjoyment in tracing the Aztecs over three continents, another sits down by the sea and watches the waves. He sees the fishermen mending nets, the ships coming and going, the storms

sweeping the ocean; and his whole song is of these. Mr. Hale is such a man, and his 'Shore-Life in Song' (8) of such a character. The prefatory poem is one of the best things in the volume. Here is a part of it—addressed to us all, and, if its promises were fully kept, some of us who love the sea would be happier for the book:

Go, little book! Go forth!

Fearless

Go out into the world upon
Thy mission sweet of sympathy,
And love, and cheer.

Seek every place,
Shun no heart calling in the night
For brother's thought, and deed, and voice;
• But seek thou *most* Earth's quiet spots—
The wind-blown spaces of the shore;
The dwellings clustered close of them
That love, and live, and die, upon
The sea.

There fetch thy sunniest cheer,
Enter those homes where great hearts be,
That bravely breast the baffling waves
Of care and trial that each day
Beat ceaseless on the shores of time.
Such homes for thine abiding choose—
Those seaside homes fixed firm upon
Gray ledges, a-top brown-red cliffs
That call and answer to the sea.

If the 'Vision of Gold, and Other Poems,' by Lillian Messenger (9), were clearer in expression and dealt less in the ecstasies of song, one would find it more readable; but the reader is continually asking himself where the substance is, what the words mean, and why there are so many of them. Occasionally a shorter poem presents something more tangible, and comes very near being good verse. Mrs. Oberholtzer's 'Daisies in Verse' (10) are not open to the charge of obscurity or of poetic exaggeration. With less play of fancy, they indicate a pleasing sympathy with people young and old, and so have a human interest. Less readable are Mr. Wilson's 'Lyrics of Life' (11). Capt. Jack Crawford's verses in 'The Poet Scout' (12) are many, and treat of the frontier. His good nature is seen in them as well as in the engraved portrait fronting the title-page, in which we have the poet himself—moustaches, goatee, long hair, 'field buckskin suit' and all, just as he was 'pushed before the curtain of the Baldwin' by 'to-day's greatest young tragedian,' to face one of San Francisco's 'grandest audiences.' Capt. Jack's verses, as we have said, have the frontier ring, and if they show an uncultivated mind, they present the stuff out of which much good Western dialect poetry has been made. For good humor, good fellowship, and an adventurous life, he might say, as he said to the committee who invited him to contribute a poem on the war in connection with Gen. Hood's funeral: 'I reckon, pard, as how I are right smart posted as to that.' His was a curious life, and it is a rude, irregular, homely song which he gives us, but full of nature. His models in style—the poems which set him going, so to speak—are to be found in John Hay, Bret Harte and the school-books; but his dialect seems to have been quarried in the miner's camp or found on the trail.

Mrs. Piatt, already before the public in various song-books, twines a new Irish garland called 'In Primrose Time' (13). There is to be found in the book more of the impressions made by external scenery, by the castles and greenery, than of the spirit which we are accustomed to associate with the Irish people; and so far as this spirit is concerned, the book might almost as well have been written in England. We should not complain, however, so long as we get, through American eyes, such quiet and pleasing pictures of a beautiful old land. There are just a dozen poems printed in her thin volume, and hardly one without some verse which makes the poem worth preserving. In one poem we are told of an old castle in ruins:

It likes to talk of silken train
Of jewelled sword and plumed head,
And quite forgets how low the rain
Has beaten down its courtly dead.

Again, and very feelingly, of an emigrant singing from a ship's deck, as he leaves Ireland:

Sing on; but there be many seas between
The shores you leave and those
Toward which you sail. Look back, and see how green,
How green the shamrock grows;
How fond your rocks and rivers toward you lean;
How bright the thistle blows,
How red the Irish rose!

* * * * *

Sing on, and see how golden grain can grow,
How golden tree and vine,
In our great woods; how apple-buds can blow,
And robin chirp and shine,
And—in my country may you never know,
Ah me! for yours to pine,
As I, in yours, for mine.

Mr. Cowdin provides a book of but two poems, 'Ripple Brook' and 'Niagara Falls' (14). 'Quality before quantity,' he says, 'is the aim of the author; yet his portfolio is not exhausted by these specimens, and a larger volume would be the result of sufficient encouragement;' and he gives us a list of sixteen metrical pieces of his which have appeared in various periodicals. He should make a more careful study of the rules of rhythm. The last volume on our list is by William Ellery Channing, whose 'Eliot' was noticed in these columns a few weeks ago. 'John Brown' (15) is in his highest vein—better than 'Eliot,' and deeper in feeling than most of his earlier nature poems. It takes the dramatic form, and the lovers of Mr. Channing's verses will not be far out if they claim it as a worthy and readable drama. America has furnished no subject more suited to deep tragedy, relieved by all the incident and accident of picturesque life, than John Brown's attempt on Harper's Ferry. It would take no less than the pen of a Walter Scott to touch the heights and the curious depths of this old Cromwellian hero's character. The men and women who acted with him have never been so adequately pictured as by Mr. Channing—adequately, in the sense of showing their devotion to him and their power of self-sacrifice. Full of tenderness and pathos are some of the scenes between Brown and these men and women of his military family—men of grit and feeling, and

women.
Of tried passion, who surprised men's fortitude
And off their silvery lips tossed the shrill breath
Of liberty into war's clarion keen.

"Eugénie Grandet."*

'WHEN Augustus drank all Poland was drunk:' when the translation of a fresh Balzac, in Messrs. Roberts Brothers' admirable series, is announced, the whole novel-reading public is stirred. This time it is another link of that labyrinthine chain of which 'Père Goriot' formed the first and 'César Birotteau' but lately formed the last—a chain as vast as that which coiled round the troublous creations of Dante and linked Purgatory to the terrestrial Paradise. The series of 'La Vie Parisienne' is now succeeded by the initial volume of the 'Scenes from Provincial Life'—from those wonderful 'provinces' not of actual maps but the creation of a matchless imagination—a divine-human, a diabolic-celestial diorama, with angelic and infernal 'slides,' with quick successions of laughter and tears, with concentrated lenses, with reflecting mirrors burnished to image the last speck of country life. 'Eugénie Grandet,' if not the greatest, is the tenderest of Balzac's confessions, the sweetest and saddest of his idylls. There are such malignities and benignities in it, such pathos and cruelty,

* By Honoré de Balzac. English Translation. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

such gentleness and diablerie, such contrasts of light and shade, such flashes of light and darkness. There is no more marvellous juxtaposition in fiction than the contrasted groups of the two Grandet families—of the young Parisian dandy flung like a meteor across Eugénie's path and Eugénie herself, of the beautiful simplicity and refinement of Eugénie and her mother overagainst the infernal wickedness of Père Grandet. And the scene where Eugénie and Charles exchange confidences and gifts, at midnight, in the old house, is surpassingly lovely—a *genre* group equal to the exquisite felicities of Clärchen and Egmont, of Gretchen and Faust, of Little Nell or of Paul Dombey. Never has the desperate solitude of French provincial life been more sorrowfully, more luminously depicted; and the solitude of the Grandet house, wherein Eugénie grows up like a shining clematis-blossom, is mingled with that Miltonic darkness which may be felt. Contrasted with the moral beauty of the daughter—a bud that, like the cereus-bloom, flies wide open in a night and fills the whole house with perfume on the approach of Charles—stands the devilish excrement of a father, gnarled and hideous as the rooted mandrake, all flesh, without conscience, with no passion or principle but love of money; a cartouche passionless as a stone, yet fraught with the diabolic hieroglyphics of sin and avarice. That so sweet a root—so perfect a flower—as Eugénie could spring from such a source is one of the marvels not of Balzac but of life. The astounding power displayed in these contrasts and throughout the work, the analytical geometry of the heart herein so wonderfully diagrammed, developed, read for yourself, see for yourself: no criticism can well do it justice.

“Through the Year with the Poets.”*

PUNCTUAL as the months themselves, Mr. Adams appears with the fresh volumes of his charming anthology. The curiosity which at the outset led the expectant reader to wonder how long the editor's supply of material would hold out, has given place to a feeling of surprise that our literature possesses such a profusion of seasonable verses. The stock seems inexhaustible. ‘February’ has, for its keynote, longings for the distant but on-coming Spring, whose harbingers, the swallows and snowdrops and an occasional streak of April sunshine athwart a lingering snow-drift, are welcomed by a chorus of diverse yet consentient singers. ‘March,—the warrior-month,—has a character all its own. Premonitions of the awakening of Spring become more marked. Hence our minstrels tune their harps to celebrate soft vernal airs, and dreams of May, and hyacinth, daffodil, primrose pale, and golden crocus, advance-guard of the fast-approaching procession of flowers. What though ever and anon ‘through the gaunt woods the winds are thrilling cold,’ and Winter slowly and unwillingly draws off his vanquished forces, and March falls into general disfavor, rated as ‘boisterous, blustering, blue,’ gloomy and pitiless? Let us learn from these poets to think more justly of the storm-robed chief, and to believe that, after all, he is

Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, is nursing April violets!

‘April,’ as first of ‘the four sweet months’—as the beginning, not nominally, but in reality, of the spring season,—has ever been a favorite with verse-makers, and its varying and capricious moods have received full recognition. ‘The happy, breezy days, the brooklets babbling their sunshine song, the daisied meadows, ‘the violets in the hazel copse, and bluebells in the dingle,’ ‘the sweet, fleet, silvery April showers,’ ‘the hedges full of amorous flutterings and little rapturous cries,’—all conspire to waken the heart to poetic raptures, and attune it to melodious strains. But to ‘May’ is reserved the glory due to the queen of the season. The

promise of the passing months has now become perfection. We have reached the joyous time of all the year.

May, thou month of rosy beauty,
Month, when pleasure is a duty;
Month of maids that milk the kine,
Bosom rich, and breath divine;
Month of bees, and month of flowers,
Month of blossom-laden bowers;
Month of little hands with daisies,
Lovers' love and poets' praises;
O thou merry month complete,
May, thy very name is sweet!

In these five volumes, as in the previous ones, the younger American poets occupy large space, yet not to the exclusion of many old-time favorites. Many of the names are quite unfamiliar, and the biographical index serves good purpose in introducing them. The selections given make one glad to know them. The fitness of Mr. Adams for the work undertaken grows more and more evident each month. Of course there are omissions (we note the absence of Leigh Hunt's fine lines, ‘To the Grasshopper and the Cricket,’ written in friendly rivalry of Keats's sonnet on the same theme, which is given, and which they should always accompany); but where there is so much that is excellent, and so much that no commonplace editor would have discovered, only the most captious critic can find fault.

In the preface to the ‘June’ volume, attention is called to the fact that the affection for June as a month to be sung by the poets is a sentiment of comparatively recent growth, dating but to the days of Leigh Hunt, who by his pretty lines (herein quoted) brought the neglected month into notice. How fully the verse-makers of the last forty years have atoned for this neglect may be seen from Mr. Adams's volume, which is rich in laudation of summer's first-born. American poets are more largely represented than in previous numbers. Ten of the contributions are original poems—the most noteworthy being ‘The Tulip-Tree in Blossom,’ by Rev. Horatio Nelson Powers. June being, according to poetic authority, ‘the month of marriages,’ the publishers have had the happy thought to give one edition of this volume a lovely binding of red, white and gilt, with a dainty floral design impressed, thus adapting it for a wedding gift.

“The Country Banker.”*

IN BANKING, as in most other pursuits, actual experience is more instructive than any amount of theory and advice; yet, as Ben Jonson says, ‘No man is so foolish, but may give another good counsel sometimes; and no man is so wise, but may easily err, if he will take no other counsel but his own.’ Mr. Rae writes ‘The Country Banker’ after an experience of forty years, and hence may be presumed to have something to say worthy of consideration. But the reader who looks for a mere dry formulation of the principles of banking, with all their technical details, will be agreeably disappointed. Mr. Rae has put his material into the form of letters to the manager of an English country bank, thus giving the work a familiar tone which renders it unusually attractive. To each letter is prefixed a quotation from some old author, as Feltham, Bacon, Quarles, Burton, Fuller, Lyly, and others. The oppositeness of these epigrammatic utterances is striking. If they had been written especially for this book, they could scarcely be more ‘pat’ than they are to the subjects treated. Mr. Rae's wide range of reading, and his discriminating literary taste, are evident in the selection of these mottoes. Then, when one comes to look into the letters, he cannot but be wonderfully entertained. He may be totally ignorant of, or care not a snap for, balance-sheets, debts and credits, discounts, collaterals, overdrafts, bankruptcy, and all that; yet his attention is speedily arrested by some clever remark, or well-turned comparison, or apt illustration, or sprightly phrase, and he

* February, March, April, May, June. Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., of *Through the Year with the Poets*, edited by Oscar Fay Adams. 75 cts. each. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

* *The Country Banker*. By George Rae. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

reads on and on with increasing interest. The author is remarkably happy in his way of putting things, and his delicate humor enlivens many a page. His letters—forty-one in number—cover nearly every branch of the banking business, and his suggestions are conveyed, not by formal rules and precepts, but by instances of transactions, all of which have had their counterparts in his long experience. Those for whom the book is particularly intended will undoubtedly profit by its perusal, while not a few of the hints given will be found applicable in other vocations. The chapters on 'Correspondence' and 'Routine Duties' are especially noticeable for their general utility.

"Canterbury Tales."*

THE seasons are not the only things that circle and come round again. Fashions change and so do books, but there is an element of the unchanging in both. The costumes of to-day reflect many a shred of antique fashion prevalent maybe centuries ago; and the books fashionable in Queen Anne's or in the Georges' times come round again rejuvenated, younger and fresher than ever, with a flavor of antiquity perhaps, but all the more charming for that. So it is with the tales of Harriet and Sophia Lee—the delight of Lord Byron's youth, the favorites of his contemporaries, the romantic food on which our coiffed and fichu'd great-grandmothers fed and fattened. Harriet and Sophia were daughters of John Lee, an English barrister, whose passion for the stage induced him to become an actor at the Covent Garden Theatre, and afterwards manager of the theatre at Bath. They lived in old-maidenhood to a great age (Harriet dying at ninety-six in 1851), and founded a school at Bath which prospered remarkably. The funds for this foundation sprang from a play and the tales, which—possibly the nearest approach the British Isles have made to Poe or Hoffmann—proved a great success, and remunerated the sisters handsomely. The first volume of the 'Canterbury Tales' was published in 1797, and was followed by four other volumes of striking and popular fictions. So great was the effect they produced that Byron founded on one of them his drama of 'Werner,' the only one of his plays which proved successful on the stage. Harriet's contributions to these volumes are particularly noteworthy, and display qualities of imagination and incident which, in spite of the old-fashioned style, endow them with permanent value. They are treasures of fancy and romance, of bright description and weird analysis. The 'German's tale' (each tale is told by a special person—the 'landlady,' the 'friend,' the 'wife,' the 'traveller,' the 'poet,' the 'old woman') is a sort of 'Ingoldsby legend' charged with mystery, eccentricity, Poëse effects, powerfully yet naturally evolved. 'Lothaire,' the 'old woman's' tale, is lurid and singular. All are marked by strong fantastic leanings. The reprint of such stories at a time when the short story is developing as a distinct species of literary workmanship will be welcome, and will go far to prove that the 'short story' has been at least a century evolving and must far antedate Poe, Hawthorne, and the Frenchmen.

Miss Kingsley and *The Eversley*.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

THE CRITIC announced, a few weeks since, that Miss Rose Kingsley (daughter of Charles Kingsley) was about to become editor of a new monthly magazine, for boys and girls, which was to be started in London. A first-class juvenile monthly is just now a desideratum in England, as it is a remarkable fact that really no superior publication of this kind exists. It was therefore determined to occupy the empty niche by a magazine of the highest order; and accordingly a company was organized, the requisite sum of money to ensure the success of such an undertaking was, if

not pledged, at least so certainly promised, that all arrangements were made for at once carrying out the scheme. The new venture was named *The Eversley*, after the Rectory in which Miss Kingsley had her birth. A corps of contributors and artists were engaged, and in March the editor had a most attractive programme arranged for the new literary aspirant. But, unfortunately, the directors or proprietors failed to provide for the financial needs of the concern. The large sum demanded for an undertaking of such proportions was not forthcoming, and as a consequence the well-laid scheme has fallen through, at least for the present. In a letter of Miss Kingsley which lies before me, she speaks of her excessive annoyance and disappointment; and wonders if THE CRITIC would allow space in one of its columns to explain to her various American literary friends this unforeseen ending of her hopes. As I feel sure that you will award her this courtesy, I make this explanation on her behalf. We who are accustomed to meet Miss Kingsley in the various magazines of the day, will hardly regret her release from the thralldom of the editorial chair. A new magazine for youth will probably take the place of the proposed *Eversley*, but Miss Kingsley will have no connection with it.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

LEXINGTON, VA., July 12th, 1886.

To the Memory of Helen Jackson.

[Edith M. Thomas, in *The Atlantic*.]

GREAT heart of many loves! while earth was thine,
Thou didst love Nature and her every mood:
Beneath thine eye the frail flower of the wood
Uplifted not in vain its fleeting sign,
And on thy hearth the mast-tree's blaze benign,
With all its sylvan lore, was understood!
Seems homely Nature's mother-face less good,
Spirit down-gazing from the Fields Divine?
Oh, let me bring these gathered leaves of mine,
Praising the common earth, the rural year,
And consecrate them to my memory dear,—
Thought's pilgrim to thy mortal body's shrine,
Beneath soft sheddings of the mountain pine
And trailing mountain heath untouched with sere!

"Ned Buntline."

EDWARD Z. C. JUDSON (Ned Buntline) died of heart-disease at his home at Stamford, Delaware County, N. Y., on Friday afternoon, July 16th, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. The following sketch of his career is taken from *The New York World*:

Willis Gaylord Clarke once wrote an affectionate obituary of Ned Buntline when a Nashville mob hanged him until they supposed he was dead. That was twenty years or more ago, yet the noted scout lived until yesterday. Ned Buntline's career was remarkable. His father was a Philadelphia lawyer who insisted upon putting Ned through a course of Latin and Blackstone at an early age. The boy rebelled, and one day after a severe flogging ran away to sea as cabin-boy to a ship that sailed round the Horn. The embryo celebrity was then but eleven years old. The next year he entered the Government service as an apprentice on board a man-of-war. A year later, when thirteen years old, President Van Buren sent him a commission as midshipman for meritorious conduct in rescuing the crew of a boat run down by a Fulton ferry-boat on the East River. Young Judson was assigned to the Levant. Other midshipmen refused to mess with him, because he had been a common sailor before the mast, and while on the way to join the Gulf Squadron he challenged thirteen of them to fight. Some withdrew their refusal and associated with him, but he fought seven of them, one after another, in Florida, New Orleans and Havana, escaping without a scratch himself, but marking four of his antagonists for life. From that time on his reputation as one of the best shots in the United States was established. Ned Buntline probably carried more wounds in his body than any other living American. He had in his right knee a bullet received in Virginia and had twelve other wounds inflicted by sword, shell and

* *The Canterbury Tales*. By Harriet and Sophia Lee. 3 vols. \$3.75. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

gun, seven of which were got in battle. He was not educated for the army and navy. The title of colonel came to him as Chief of Scouts in the Rebellion of 1861-5.

His first story, 'The Captain's Pig,' was published in *The Knickerbocker Magazine* under the pseudonym of Ned Buntline, in 1838, when in his fifteenth year. This sketch brought notoriety to the young writer and fighter, who subsequently received as high as \$60,000 a year for the produce of his brain and pen. For many years his income as a story-writer brought him in \$20,000 annually. He once earned \$12,500 in six weeks, and at another time, under pressure, wrote a book of 610 pages in sixty-two hours, scarcely sleeping or eating during that time. He usually received \$2000 for a story running through twelve weeks in the *Ledger* and other story-papers for which he wrote. He did not know exactly how many stories he had written, but estimated them at between three and four hundred, each long enough for a book. Ned Buntline was not the wild man of the woods he was generally supposed to be. He was a temperance man in theory and practice, using neither tobacco nor profanity. He was a good talker and much esteemed as a neighbor and citizen. Until Blaine was nominated for the Presidency Ned Buntline had been a Republican, but he spoke and voted for Cleveland in 1884. Being once asked why he did not apply for a pension he said: 'I don't want to be a Government pauper. I suppose I am entitled to four pensions, and a pension under proper conditions is honorable enough, but I have seen so many loafers and shirks get pensions for disabilities incurred before they went to war that it just disgusts me with the notion.'

The Lounger

THE five hundredth, or semi-millennial, anniversary of the founding of Heidelberg University is to be celebrated next month 'like avery dings,' with such a 'Luxus' of processions, mediæval dresses, lager-beerification and Rhinewineishness 'ash nefer vos.' Charles Godfrey Leland has been notified by his old Heidelberg classmates of 1847 that he must join them in their grand class-dinner. The occasion cannot fail to inspire a new Breitmann lyric. Mrs. Lucy Mitchell has written for next month's *Century*—the Midsummer Holiday number—an historical sketch of the old town, the Castle and the University, which will be fully illustrated.

I HAVE recently received a letter from Mr. Leland, in which he tells of a curious coincidence. His letter is dated London, June 29th. He says:—'Philip G. Hamerton, the writer, wishing to pass some weeks boating in France, selected the American, Joseph Pennell, as the best illustrator in England, to accompany him and make sketches, though he was not acquainted with him. There is not an illustrating artist in England who would not have been glad to have such an honor. Well, there came, four days ago, news that the two had been arrested in the Saone for sketching a fortification, and after a short detention set free. Thereby hangs a tale equal to anything which Theosophy can turn out. I had just published a work on "Snooping"—i.e., nosing and poking about and vexing artists at work. In it I had written a story about two artists boating and sketching in France, who were arrested for drawing a fortification. One of them was intended to set forth Mr. Pennell! He has a peculiar way of making fun of *douaniers*, *gensdarmes*, etc., and of bothering them quaintly and merrily with his French or Italian. Now the resemblance between the story of the arrest and that in the book was so startling, that the London *Echo* at once commented on and reproduced the latter. But a letter received from Mr. Pennell shows that the event as it really occurred was in several details even more like my account than I had supposed. Neither of the artists knew that I had written anything of the kind; in fact, they have not even yet seen my book. It really originated from conversations with Mr. Pennell, who is mentioned by name in it, and who gave me several of the anecdotes which it contains.'

I READ a letter last week in which a hospitable New Yorker, writing to an old journalist, expressed a wish that the metropolitan press would intimate to country people the impropriety of visiting their New York friends 'out of the season'—that is, in midsummer, 'when every cockney needs a vacation,' and is 'officially' out of town whether actually so or not. He seemed to think it an imposition for the country-cousin to come to town in both winter and summer, and it is impossible to deny that he is right; but it is a delicate matter for the press to handle—as he would know himself, if only he were a newspaper man.

THE Theosophists are 'catching it' in all directions. Here is a recent blast from the Boston *Record*:

In a suburb of Boston a gentleman is engaged in professional work, in which he has received no little assistance and sympathy from his wife. In addition to the work she did for her husband she had the cares of a family of children. One day a friend asked her if she had read Edwin Arnold's 'Light of Asia.' She said that she had not, and her visitor next day sent her a copy of the poem. It was read and the lady was much interested in it. Following up the Buddhistic 'lead' thus opened to her, she went on into theosophy, taking up Mme. Blavatsky's 'Isis Unveiled,' and bringing up with 'Esoteric Buddhism.' When she had got well into this work there were signs that her mental poise was gone. It is only a step from theosophy to Somerville, and she who began so lightly with Edwin Arnold is now in the McLean Asylum undergoing treatment for acute mania.

W. H. C. WRITES from the Produce Exchange:—'I suppose THE CRITIC reprinted the letter to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, describing a visit to the home of the late Paul H. Hayne, because of its timeliness; but how could either of these papers admit such an article without either a protest against, or a revision of, its extraordinary English? Possibly we might allow such phrases as "hopeful expectancy" and "woody thickets" to pass without severe criticism; but what shall be said of a "restive quality" as applied to a house? I have seen a horse possessed very strongly of that quality, but never a house. Doubtless the writer meant "restful," as he (or she—probably the latter) goes on to speak of "an air of quiet repose." The spacious garden is said to be filled with "verdant shrubbery" (which could hardly be otherwise at this season of the year), and "blooming flowers," meaning I suppose flowering plants in bloom. There is also said to be a "healthy tone" about the place, whatever that may mean. Over the portico is a "luxuriant vine of clinging tendrils." Many vines have tendrils, but a vine of tendrils is something new. Most remarkable tendrils these are, too; for they not only "cling" to the portico, but they "creep" over the piazza, and "twine" their way to the roof; in fact, they are equal to any vegetable gymnastics. Passing the personal description of the poet, save to note a "dreamy look which seems to peer into the vast beyond," we are introduced to the poet's study, the walls of which are covered with newspaper pictures pasted on and so "defly joined" that only the writer's "thorough familiarity with many of the designs convinced me of a fundamental separateness." This is said to be a "monument" to the skill and ingenuity of the poet's wife; but eight lines further on the credit is given to the poet himself, and quietly accepted by him.

'IN the library the writer "inadvertently" lighted upon an album, and there was "fortuitously revealed a photographic gallery or worthies, the talented creators of the fanciful children who illuminated the encompassing shelves." This suggests the idea that the shelves are occupied by statuary of boys and girls bearing lamps in their hands; but in fact we must conclude that what the writer saw were pictures of the men and women who wrote the books which stood on the shelves, for we are then told of William Black with his "speaking spectacles," Charles Kingsley, the "erudite author," and Wilkie Collins, with his "plotful eyes." "That god-like attribute, charity," is said to be "generously diffused throughout Mr. Hayne's conversation," and the writer made an intimation "anent this striking predominant characteristic." In the next sentence "envy and jealousy" are spoken of as "admirable qualities." The two hours at Cope Hill "sped with fleet wings;" but if the conversation (on one side) was of the quality of the report, it must have been a great relief to the modest poet when the time was up. Yet he kindly "called a bunch" of flowers "for each admiring visitor." The correspondent's "bunch" was a sprig of ivy from Westminster Abbey. It was more than she deserved.'

I. F. H. WRITES from Boston:—'I observe in your issue of July 10th some calculations on the staying powers of Russian legs, founded on the statements of the Leisure Hour translation of Tourguéneff's "Annals of a Sportsman." That translation closely follows the French, which in this particular matter of numbers is especially weak, scarcely one in the whole volume being rendered accurately. Fifteen, not fifty, *versets* is the distance indicated in the passage referred to. When that sum is reduced to miles, your wonder at Russian endurance will be lessened.' Fifteen verses is the Russian equivalent of ten miles.

The Orleans Manifesto.

[The Spectator.]

THE Manifesto issued by the Comte de Paris on his expulsion from France, indicates with curious precision the kind of mistake into which M. de Freycinet and his colleagues have allowed themselves to fall. They have not only sanctioned a great oppression—for even if there is an excuse for banishing the elder Princes, the law depriving the younger ones of their civil rights is a direct denial of justice,—but they have committed a grave blunder in statecraft. They have solidified a fluid Opposition. By the common consent of the Ministry, of the Radical leaders, and of all who spoke in the debate, the one formidable Prince is the Comte de Paris, the head of the family of France, the eldest descendant in the male line of the founder of the Monarchy. It is to him that the Monarchists are looking. It is towards him that Conservative electors are gravitating. It is to expel him that the old practice of proscription has been revived. With cynical injustice, of which they are half ashamed, the Republicans have included Prince Napoleon and his son in their decree of banishment; but it was only to seem logical in their own eyes. Neither of those persons are even supposed to be formidable. The father, though one of the ablest men in France, never had any chance of popularity; and the son, under bad advice, has contrived to affront beyond forgiveness that sentiment of filial piety which in France has survived not only the Revolution, but the loss of all other faiths. Nobody would have dreamed of expelling them but for the popularity of the Comte de Paris, who was followed to his steamer at Tréport by weeping crowds, and who, by a strange turn of fortune, has been pointed out to all France as the one possible Monarch. The Count, who is not without his ambitions, and whose position in his own eyes was radically changed by the death of the Comte de Chambord—whom, it should be remembered, he had formally acknowledged—has grasped the opportunity. Up to the date of his expulsion, he had been living in France as a wealthy but unassuming citizen, making no claim to rule, submitting to all laws, and liable, if he sanctioned or assisted in any conspiracy, to be tried like any other citizen for treason. He has, however, been placed by the Chamber outside the law, and being thereby liberated from the law, he announces publicly that he has ceased to be a citizen, and awaits the national recognition of his right to be King of France. 'I am,' he says, 'head of the glorious family which has directed France during nine centuries in the work of national unity, and which, associated with the people in good and bad fortune, has made its greatness and its prosperity. . . . Taught by experience, France will not be mistaken, either as to the cause or as to the authors of the evils under which she suffers. She will recognize that the Monarchy, traditional in its principle and modern in its institutions, can alone supply a remedy for them. It is only this traditional Monarchy, of which I am the representative, that can reduce to impotence those men of disorder who menace the peace of the country, can insure political and religious liberty, revive authority, and restore the public fortunes. It only can give to our democratic society a strong government, one open to all, superior to parties, one whose stability will be for Europe a pledge of enduring peace. My duty is to labor incessantly at this work of salvation. With the help of God and of all those who share my faith in the future, I shall accomplish it. The Republic is afraid. In striking at me, it gives me prominence. I have confidence in France. At the decisive hour I shall be ready.—PHILIPPE, Comte de Paris.' There is no mistaking the meaning of sentences like those. The Republic has by its own act, and under the pressure of no necessity, transformed a wealthy citizen with a grand pedigree into a formidable Pretender to the throne.

We say 'formidable,' because in France a Prince who is the only possible alternative to the Republic, who cannot be reached by Republicans, and who cannot be declared unworthy to reign, is necessarily formidable. The whole history of modern France shows that her people, alike by their virtues and their vices, are indisposed towards obscure dictators, that the only choice in their minds lies between the Republic, the representative of a dynasty, or a man of genius. There is no man of genius, no one who could even pretend to rule by right of successful service, and though there are two dynasties, one of them is for the moment out of the competition. The only choice lies between the Republic and Philip VII., and Philip VII. is therefore a formidable power. Those Frenchmen who are discontented with the Republic for any reason must look to him. If the peasantry weary of taxes, if the Army grows impatient of continued ill-success, if the people, above all, become alarmed

either by a failure abroad or the spread of the Socialist idea at home, it is in the old Monarchy that they must seek a refuge. They have no other course to pursue, and they perceive the fact so distinctly that, though the immense majority of Frenchmen were till recently Republicans, in the last election, on October 4th, 1885, three and a half millions of votes, out of a total of seven millions, were thrown for Monarchists, all of whom, as against the Republic, would accept the heir of the ancient line. Let that number become through any cause—a defeat, a blunder, a new tax—a majority, and the Chamber has so arranged affairs, that it has only to summon the King. It is true he is in exile; but what difference does that make; or, rather, is not the difference in his favor, inasmuch as he is beyond arrest, has ceased to excite the morbid social envy which has banished him, and is beyond the range of that social microscope through which Frenchmen examine the faults of all who presume to be great? A resident Pretender appeals to the eye, an exile to the imagination; and with the millions, it is the imagination which is strong. The Comte de Paris may never reach the throne, but his chance as an exile in England is far better than his chance as a great noble living in Normandy or Paris. An exile, said M. Marcou, in the debate, 'is, as I know from experience, soon forgotten;' but the acrid sentence, too true when uttered of men of genius or of service, is not true of exiles whose claim rests on their birth. How many Englishmen knew Charles Stuart when he was called from Holland, or how many Spaniards had ever seen King Alfonso's face when he mounted the throne? The fate of the Republic depends upon events about which it is vain to speculate; perhaps upon men now sitting unknown and obscure in corners of Paris. But if its fate is disastrous, one reason of its fall will have been that a majority of representatives unconvinced in their own minds, and of Ministers careless of justice so that they might keep their places, suddenly reminded all Frenchmen, by a great act of oppression, that they had among them a personage who, if they desired a Monarchy, was the inevitable King. A greater act of folly was never committed by men at the head of a great State.

The Paradise of a French Prince.

[The Pall Mall Gazette.]

WHATEVER may be the political indiscretions of the Orleans Princes, all lovers of art must sympathize with the Duc d'Aumale, who will be compelled to leave his beautiful, his unrivalled, creation of Chantilly. It is now about twelve years since the heir of the Condés commenced the erection of a palace worthy to replace the historic residence of his great ancestors. Since the war of 1870-71 has been erected one of the most beautiful modern châteaux to be found throughout France, and here have been arranged with perfect taste the Duke's unrivalled collection of works of art. The English guide-books are in a muddle about Chantilly—I speak here not of the charming little town, but of the Duc d'Aumale's residence only. We read and are no wiser than before as to how much of the ancient château remains. The truth of the matter is that, excepting the renowned stables and the exquisite little building called the Châtelet, all is new and all is the work of the Duc d'Aumale. He has been, if not exactly his own architect, the leading spirit throughout the vast undertaking, not only entering into every detail without, but also arranging the interior of the building, erected as far as was possible on the foundations of the Chantilly immortalized in the pages of M^{me}. de Sévigné and of Bossuet. No *chef-d'œuvre* of the architect's skill had ever more graceful surroundings. The château, with turrets and pinnacles, copy of the elegant architecture of the Valois period, stands sideways on the canal watered by the Nonette, and on clear days we get delicious effects of light and shadow, a reflected palace as lovely as the more solid reality. In front and behind stretch the quaint old gardens, laid out by the famous Le Nôtre in the time of Louis XIV.—marble terraces, orangeries, fountains, and statuary in perfect keeping with the gleaming whiteness of the building, itself apparently of marble.

Chantilly is intimately connected with some of the most dazzling pages in French history. To have its chronicles at one's finger-ends is to be intimate with a goodly chapter of the history of France. Everybody has read M^{me}. de Sévigné; everybody knows of the splendid entertainment given by the great Condé to Louis XIV., when Vatel, the cook, ran himself through with his sword because the fish did not arrive in time for dinner. But Chantilly had been a little Court under the greatest of the Montmorencys a century and a half before. Here Anne de Montmorency, Constable of France, the patron of the fine arts, but, alas! the pitiless foe of Protestantism, held his state when his fortunes

were at their apogee, and for five generations Chantilly belonged to that great house. A statue of the fierce old warrior is in course of erection in front of the château. Just as the Duc d'Aumale is the creator of the Chantilly we see, so his ancestor may be said to have created the Chantilly of his own day. But between the two periods have occurred many demolitions and reconstructions, and only isolated portions remain to tell us what the respective homes of the Montmorencys and Condés were like. Thus, in the beautiful châtelet, on to which the present façade is built, we have intact a perfect specimen of the graceful architecture of the Valois period, while the magnificent stables, in appearance looking like a palace, date from the Eighteenth Century only. The Chantilly of the great Condé, of M^{me}. de Sévigné, of Bossuet, of Louis XIV. and his Court, has disappeared altogether. Murray states erroneously that Chantilly was destroyed by the revolutionary mob. The truth of the matter is this:—When in 1789 the Princes of the House of Bourbon took the lead in the general emigration, the populace were greatly incensed. The château was converted into a prison from 1792 to 1794, but it was the Convention that decreed the destruction of Chantilly on the ground that it was a fortress. The *petit château* and the Pavillon d'Enghien were spared, and restored intact to the House of Bourbon-Condé in 1816.

The history of Chantilly as a seigniorial residence goes back to a very early period. To the great Anne de Montmorency we are indebted for the priceless art treasures now contained in the chapel, the exquisite series of portraits on glass, the marvellously beautiful altar-piece, and the panels in carved wood—all *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Renaissance. A brilliant soldier, an accomplished writer, art collector, and bibliophile, the Duc d'Aumale was enabled, thanks to the generous indulgence of the Republic, to remove his household gods from the banks of the Thames to those of the Nonette. Enlisting into his services skilled artists and artisans, he forthwith erected at enormous cost a Chantilly as splendid as that described by Bossuet and M^{me}. de Sévigné. The great charm of the place is the purity of taste displayed throughout, and the subservience of parts to the whole. The design was planned with the utmost care, and as far as possible the plan of the former building was adhered to. Hither have been brought the famous collections from Twickenham—the pictures, works of art, and magnificent library; and as they were added to from time to time, Chantilly promised to become one of the most splendid residences in Europe. Quite lately the Duke acquired for £25,000—a bagatelle to a man of his colossal wealth—the Earl of Dudley's famous Raphael. Besides an historic portrait gallery of great interest, the great masters of Italy and the various schools of French art are here worthily represented. The Poussins, the Ingres, the Greuze, the Delacroix, the Decamps, form a collection worth making a pilgrimage to see. Then there are Raphaels, Da Vincis, Titians—in fine, the Duke has not only been one of the most assiduous, but one of the most fortunate, collectors in the world. There are also magnificent Beauvais and Gobelin tapestry, falence, miniatures, marqueterie, engraved gems and jewellery, enamels, plate—not an art but is here represented, and in its choicest period. The library is in itself a small museum, containing rare old editions in choicest bindings, alike ancient and modern. The arrangement is very elegant and convenient, the upper shelves being reached by light galleries.

Choice as are the art treasures of the Duke's own collecting, and splendid as is the accommodation provided for them, it is in the heirlooms of the Montmorencys that the historic interest of Chantilly culminates. An elegant little chapel has been built inside the château, and here, in a very small compass, we may learn, if anywhere, what French art was like under the Valois. The two windows of old stained glass are in reality a series of family portraits; hence their interest and importance. Here is the terrible Anne—never man with woman's name less endowed with womanly tenderness!—with his four sons, in company of John the Baptist, all piously kneeling, while in the window opposite are portrayed Madeleine of Savoy, his wife, with four of her daughters, having for saintly company St. Agatha. Anne de Montmorency also figures as the god Mars in the celebrated enamel, after Raphael, of the same artist, 'Le Banquet des Dieux,' which formed part of the Fontaine collection, and lately fetched 7000 guineas. The delicacy and finish of these portraits are remarkable, and every detail of costume is given with the most minute exactness. The altar-piece is an elaborate work carved out of fine-grained limestone, and ornamented with delicate bas-reliefs; to Jean Bullant is attributed the former, to Jean Goujon the latter. Both stained glass and altar-piece were originally at Ecouen, also an appanage of the Montmorencys. The series of panels in stained wood which adorn the sides of

the chapel are equally interesting, and have fortunately been preserved intact. The Constable was a friend of the worthless Valois King Henry II., and highly suggestive of the morality of the epoch are the emblems of Diane de Poitiers, the King's mistress, found so frequently here—bow and arrows and a crescent. The date 1548 is inscribed in one of the panels. The subject is the lives of the Apostles. We are reminded by these exquisite panels of the perfection to which the decorative arts had attained under the Valois régime—some compensation for political and social immorality hardly outdone in the pages of history. The truth of the matter is that during this Sixteenth Century, in every branch of the decorative arts, France reigned supreme. What variety, what wealth, what taste, were seen in every object then constituting luxury, furniture, ornament, dress! what technical skill, what purity of design, what wealth of imagination abounded! Here, then, for a few brief years the heir of the Condés has held his state; and here, without doubt, but for dynastic intrigue and indiscreet ambition on the part of his family, he might have remained. It is impossible for any one intimate with French history as it is being enacted under our eyes to ignore the above fact, or to feel the least surprise at the step being taken by the French Government in the matter of the Pretenders. The only wonder is that the expulsion has not taken place long ago. For the Duc d'Aumale, elderly, a widower, and childless, thus compelled to remove his carefully amassed treasures, much sympathy will be felt, but entirely of a personal and artistic kind. The Republic behaved generously. It restored to the Orleans Princes the millions confiscated by Napoleon III. It permitted all members of the family to settle themselves in France and enjoy the privileges of other citizens. When this generosity was abused, the Government of France had no other resource but to resort to drastic measures.

Irving on Garrick and Kean.

[From London Times' Report of Recent Lecture at Oxford.]

LITTLE more than thirty years were to elapse between the death of Betterton and the appearance of David Garrick. In this comparatively short interval progress in dramatic affairs had been all backward. Shakspeare's advice to the actors had been neglected. Garrick, who in one leap gained a position which in the case of most other actors had only been reached after years of toil, changed all that. Nature in the place of artificiality, originality in the place of conventionality, triumphed on the stage once more. His career was one long triumph, checkered, indeed, by disagreements, quarrels, and heart-burnings (for Garrick was extremely sensitive), caused, for the most part, by the envy and jealousy which invariably dogged the heels of success. Never was a man in any profession, perhaps, who combined so many various qualities. A fair poet, a most fluent correspondent, an admirable conversationalist, possessing a person of singular grace, a voice of marvellous expressiveness, and a disposition so mercurial and vivacious as is rarely found in any Englishman, he was destined to be a great social as well as a great artistic success. Perhaps Richard III. was his best Shakspearian character. Of course, he played Cibber's version and not Shakspeare's. In fact, many of the Shakspearian parts were not played from the poet's own text, but perhaps Garrick might have doubted whether even his popularity would have reconciled his audiences to the unadulterated poetry of our greatest dramatist. Next to Richard III., Lear would seem to have been his best Shakspearian performance. In Hamlet and Othello he did not equal Betterton; and in the latter, certainly from all one could discover, he was infinitely surpassed by Edmund Kean. In fact, Othello was not one of his great parts. His remarkable successes in society, which achieved for him a position only inferior to that he achieved on the stage, was the best answer to what was often talked about the degrading nature of the actor's profession. Since the days of Roscius no contempt for actors in general, or for their art, had prevented a great actor from attaining the position accorded to all distinguished in what are held to be the higher arts.

Nearly nine years after the death of Garrick, on November 4th, 1787, a young woman, who had run away from home when little more than a child to join a company of strolling players, and who, when that occupation failed, earned a scanty living as a hawker in the streets of London, gave birth, in a wretched room near Gray's Inn, to an illegitimate child. This woman was Nancy Carey, the granddaughter of Henry Carey, the author of the National Anthem. She was the great-granddaughter of George Saville, Marquis of Halifax, whose natural son Henry Carey was. Three months after his birth she deserted her child,

leaving him, without a word of apology or regret, to the care of a woman who had befriended her in her trouble. A mere sketch of his early life—ample details of which might be found in Mr. Hawkins's admirable 'Life of Edmund Kean'—would give a sufficient idea of what he must have endured and suffered. When, years afterward, the passionate love of Shakspeare, which, without exaggeration, one might say he showed almost from his cradle, had reaped its own reward in the wonderful success which he achieved, if we found him then averse to respectable conventionality, erratic, and even dissipated in his habits, let us mercifully remember the bitter and degrading sufferings which he passed through in his childhood, and not judge too harshly the great actor. Unlike those whose lives had just been considered, he knew none of the softening influences of a home; to him the very name of mother, instead of recalling every tender and affectionate feeling, was but the symbol of a vague horror, the fountain of that degradation of his nature from which no subsequent prosperity could ever redeem it. For many years after boyhood his life was one of continual hardship. With that unsubdued conviction of his own powers which often is the sole consolation of genius, he toiled on and bravely struggled through the sordid miseries of a strolling player's life. In the result he exercised over his audience a fascination which was probably never exercised by any other actor. Garrick was no doubt his superior in parts of high comedy. In such parts as Coriolanus John Kemble excelled him; but in Shylock, in Richard, in Iago, and above all in Othello, it might be doubted whether Edmund Kean ever had an equal. As far as one could judge from the many criticisms extant, written by the most intellectual men, and from the accounts of those who saw him in his prime, he was the greatest genius that our stage had ever seen. Unequal he might have been, perhaps often so; but there were moments in his acting which were, without exaggeration, moments of inspiration. Coleridge was reported to have said that to see Kean act was 'like reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning.' That oftentimes sentence embodied, perhaps, the main feature of Edmund Kean's greatness as an actor; for when he was impersonating the heroes of our poet he revealed their natures by an instant flash of light so searching that every minute feature which by the ordinary light of day was hardly visible, stood bright and clear before you. The effect of such acting was indeed that of lightning; it appalled; the timid hid their eyes, and fashionable society shrank from such heart-piercing revelations of human passion. It might be doubted whether there ever was an actor who so thought out his part, who so closely studied with the inward eye of the artist the wave of emotion that might have agitated the minds of the beings whom he represented. It had been said that Kean swept away the Kembles and their classical school of acting. It was idle to say that because John Kemble's style was solemn and slow, he was not one of the greatest actors that our stage had produced. The world of art was wide enough for both, and the hearts of those who truly loved art were large enough to cherish the memory of both as of men who did noble work in their profession. Kean blended the realistic with the ideal in acting, and founded a school of which William Charles Macready was the foremost disciple. Thus, had they glanced briefly enough at four of our greatest actors whose names were landmarks in the history of the greatest drama of the world, it had been seen how they all carried out, by different methods, perhaps, but in the same spirit, the principle that in acting nature must dominate art. But it was art that must interpret nature, and to interpret the thoughts and emotions of her mistress must be her first object. These thoughts, these emotions, must be interpreted with grace, with dignity, and with temperance; and these, it should be remembered, art alone could teach.

Magazine Notes

MR. BISHOP's serial in *The Atlantic* is a keen and subtle study of remorse in a human soul unaffected by fear of consequences—a fit subject for Hawthorne and one that suggests that master in many points of its effective treatment. It is a pity that Mr. Bishop complicates the fine theme which he is treating finely with ordinary novelistic incidents and unhappy matrimonial problems. A short story, with the remorse for its single *motif*, might have been perfect of its kind. Miss Murfree, too, would do well to come down from her 'Clouds' occasionally, and concentrate and condense her plot to definite proportions, so that the reader could recall with ease where 'Mink' was at the moment, and what was Alethea's last state of mind. Sarah Orne Jewett is constantly gaining in adding pith and point to her graceful style, and has in this number a capital story of 'The

Two Browns,' which is really a 'Brown study' of two phases of one Brown. Octave Thanet also contributes a good short story, 'Six Visions of St. Augustine,' the 'Saint' being the town, not the man, and the 'visions' being the differing points of view of six tourists. It is an ingenious illustration that what we see depends on what we are. Robert K. Evans writes of 'The Indian Question in Arizona,' putting it rather plainly in a new light that the Indian, to be treated more like a human being and less like a wolf or a buffalo than he is now, must be punished more effectively as well as treated more beneficently. Agnes Repplier drops a tear on the grave of our superstitions; and David Dodge gives a vivid and interesting account of 'Domestic Economy in the Confederacy,' in the days when necessities had become luxuries in the South, and a bowl of common salt would have been as welcome in the household as so much gold.

Detroit is 'the City of the Strait' described in *Harper's* by Edmund Kirke, and of course illustrated. 'The Transatlantic Captains' have deservedly a paper to themselves, by Charles Algernon Dougherty, and each transatlantic traveller will have an opportunity to cut out the portrait of his favorite captain. An interesting article on 'Orchids,' by F. W. Burbidge, with exquisite illustrations by Gibson and Parsons, recalls the remark of a visitor at Klunder's recent floral exhibition, who said she felt sure she could never tell a lie in the presence of an orchid. William Winter writes appreciatively of Joe Jefferson; Mr. E. P. Roe cultivates currants in his 'Home Acre,' and recommends the moral influence of the fruit in sweetening the temper by acidifying the liver; while Richard T. Ely writes of 'The Economic Evils in American Railway Methods.' Mr. Warner gets his lovers happily disposed of, and we must say we hope he will now leave them to the enjoyment of their hard-earned honeymoon, and take us along with him on the rest of his journey, unhampered by the necessities of fiction. Mrs. Lillie contributes a short story, and John Habberton confesses to some of the 'Penalties of Authorship,' while Titus Munson Coan writes of 'Some French Mineral Springs,' and Mr. Abbey illustrates the epilogue to 'She Stoops to Conquer.' She may have stooped, but Mr. Abbey has risen, to the occasion, and were he not certain to find new worlds to conquer, we should be sorry enough to have reached the epilogue of this.

In 'The Banks during the Civil War,' in the August *Lippincott's*, A. S. Bolles will give an account of the part played by the banks of the chief Eastern cities, under the leadership of Philadelphia, in supporting the credit of the Government.—Gen. Basil Duke will relate in the August *Southern Bivouac* the incidents of the retreat after the fall of Richmond. The story has never yet been fully told, though it is one of absorbing interest.—Stockton's 'The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine,' which is to begin in the August *Century*, describes the adventures of two worthy New England women and the chronicler of the tale, who were cast ashore upon a small island in the Pacific Ocean, which proved to be by no means a desert.—*The Church Review*, formerly a quarterly, has become a monthly magazine, and will henceforth be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Current Criticism

TOLSTOY'S TRUTH TO LIFE.—One characteristic of Count Tolstoy's work is its balance. There is thus given an undefinable impress of reality. It is so in life. It is a result which tyros and brilliant but facile writers aim at by strained contrasts. It is one which authors like Thackeray and Anthony Trollope get by a very careful study of details and by avoiding extreme studies of character. The villain of the play in these comedians trots about with a good-natured word—gives pennies to poor little children and scrupulously pays the baker and the milkman. The reckless 'ne'er-do-weel,' is full of sublime sentiments and good intentions. So it is, we repeat in life, and the most skilful artist is he who can give us life most naturally portrayed while allowing principles to work out their own solution. This is, we think, the preëminent merit of 'Anna Karénina.' There is no incentive to vice in it. There is no confusion of the moral sentiment. On the other hand, there is nothing of that clumsy work in which an improbable hero is rewarded and an unlikely villain brought to grief, when it is startlingly apparent that the virtuous one is made virtuous for the sake of rewarding him, and the vicious one made vicious in order that wrong-doing may get its proper penalty. The underlying question is, why is the one good and the other bad; and that the reader always (after the juvenile era is over) asks with more or less impatience. It is the artist who shows the false step in life, the erring from

the true path bringing about its sure results. These in the case of Alexis and Anna are less external than moral, and therefore the power is greater, just as the remorse of Richard or Macbeth shows higher power than the catastrophe which melodrama provides for its defeated malefactors.—*The Churchman*.

ADONIS'S IRVING AGAIN.—Considered merely as a triumph of 'make up' it would deserve a place of its own in the history of this branch of the actor's art. No man's lineaments, facial expression, and figure have ever, we imagine, been so exactly and minutely copied by another as those of Mr. Irving have been by Mr. Dixey. The face of the American actor is literally treated as a sort of canvas on which to trace, line by line and point by point, the features of the great English tragedian. The result produced on brow, nose, cheek and mouth is something marvellous. Every peculiarity, moreover, in the figure of the original is preserved with the utmost fidelity, and it is really no exaggeration to say that, but for the circumstance that Mr. Irving seems to have the advantage of Mr. Dixey by an inch or two of stature, the portrait might easily be mistaken for the model, even before it opens its mouth or moves a limb. The vocal and gestural imitation, however, is no less remarkable than the facial transcript. Mr. Irving's characteristics of voice, intonation, gait, and bearing are so well known and well marked, and have been parodied already to such satiety by so many mimics, good, bad, and indifferent, that the promise on a playbill of an 'imitation of Irving' may exercise but a languid attraction for the experienced playgoer. He will think that he has seen the same thing a dozen times before. He has not though, if the thing he goes to see is Mr. Dixey's imitation of a too familiar model. This piece of mimicry is what only the very best mimicry, and that only at very rare moments, is—to wit, a revelation. Unnoticed traits in the original are brought to light for the first time in, and by, the very act of caricaturing them.—*The Saturday Review*.

PICTURES OF THE HORSE IN ACTION.—We have shown some of the uses of photography in horsemanship, but it would be difficult to indicate what the limits of such uses may be in the future. As we have suggested, the defective action of a horse can be readily detected in a photograph, and perhaps the day may come when the dealer will be required to furnish a picture of the animal he offers for sale, as he would now give a 'warranty.' The fox-hunter compelled through age and honorable wounds to give up his favorite sport may console himself by gazing upon the portrait of himself and his horse as they were caught by the camera in the act of clearing the park-palings that bounded the field. To the rider and to the trainer the photographs of the horse in motion must prove of great value, and many things in the art of horsemanship which heretofore could have been arrived at only after long-continued tentative experiments will easily be made clear through the aid of the photographer. These pictures of the horse in action can be taken without difficulty at no great cost. An ordinary apparatus, with a lens of fairly good quality, and a shutter that is acted upon by a strong elastic band or a steel spring, will suffice. The sole secret in the operation is to have the horse as far away from the camera as is consistent with a clear view of the animal, so that in accordance with perspective laws the effect of motion on the plate is diminished.—*The Saturday Review*.

Notes

MR. LELAND (Hans Breitmann) has written a work entitled 'Wonderful Anecdotes of Animals,' by Prof. Annan-Eyas Saltiarne' (Ananias Salt Yarn), which is to be copiously illustrated by Lord Ralph Kerr, who is said to have a wonderful gift or faculty of drawing comic animals. The work was suggested by the Countess Brownlow, to whom it will be dedicated. This lady, by the way, takes a prominent and active part in the work of the Home Arts and Industries Association, which has now more than 120 schools and classes in different villages and towns in England. Its object is to teach and disseminate hand-work or industrial art of all kinds, both ornamental and practical, among women, children and the poor.

—D. C. Heath & Co. will issue in September 'An Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning's Poetry,' by Prof. Hiram Corson, of Cornell University. The work will include, with additions, the Papers on 'The Idea of Personality, as Embodied in Browning's Poetry,' and on 'Art as an Intermediate Agency of Personality,' which Prof. Corson read before the Browning

Society in London, and which received high commendation from the poet. Several pages will be devoted to Browning's favorite art-form, the dramatic monologue, and to the characteristics of his diction, especially those which sometimes occasion obscurity, if the reader is not familiar with them. In addition to the selections from his works, with explanatory notes, the editor will present exegeses of a number of poems, without the texts; also a bibliography of Browning criticism.

—Mrs. Bayard Taylor, who has been absent in her native country, Germany, for months, is to sail for New York to-day. She was recently elected a member of the Goethe Society of Weimar. Her daughter has been studying art in Munich.

—Mr. Coombes has issued a paper-covered edition of 'After-Dinner Stories from Balzac.' 'Rasselas' has been added to Ginn's Classics for Children.

—Björnsterne Björnson was welcomed home from Paris at Christiana a few weeks ago with genuine enthusiasm. There was a festival performance at the Town Theatre, at which one of his older plays, 'the Home-Coming,' was produced, the part of the hero being played by the poet's son, whom he did not see until he appeared upon the stage.

—Mat Crim, the young lady of Atlanta, Ga., who wrote the story 'An Unfortunat Creetur,' that appeared in a recent *Century*, has written a story for the McClure syndicate of newspapers.

—A Western court has enjoined a local dealer from selling Grant's Memoirs at a price below the regular publisher's price. It was held that an agent had no right to sell a subscription book to a dealer to be resold.

—For Winslow Homer's 'A Voice on the Cliff,' of which the catalogue price was \$500, Mr. E. C. Stedman, who bought it a few years ago, was offered \$1000 before the exhibition closed. Since then he has declined \$1600 for it. It has just been etched by J. D. Smillie.

—From the Rev. H. N. Powers:—'I thank you for printing in THE CRITIC the Address of Mr. Maurice Thompson before the Woman's Club of Indianapolis. It is an admirable piece of criticism. To sincere people whose lives and efforts are a protest against the materialistic tendencies of the present day, such a vindication of the function of the Ideal in literature and life is reassuring and encouraging. I believe that THE CRITIC has many readers who join with me in grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Thompson for his felicitous, discriminating and valuable paper.'

—A 'Dictionary of Boston,' modelled on Dickens's 'Dictionary of London,' is announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The same house issue 'Not in the Prospectus,' a novel of foreign travel, by Parke Danforth.

—The *Independent* of July 22d contains a 'List of Selected Recent Fiction,' containing the names of somewhat over a hundred novels, most of which have been reviewed in that journal within the past three years.

—Messrs. Appleton will publish next week the authorized English version of Señor Don Juan Valera's 'Pepita Ximenez,' to which we recently referred. The novel is now accessible to Spanish, French, German, Italian, Bohemian and English readers. Señor Valera was Spanish Minister to the United States until a few months since.

—Henry Holt & Co. are about to start a series of novels in flexible cloth covers, convenient to read in travelling and out-of-doors, and yet better able than paper to withstand such wear. It will be called the Leisure Season Series. The price will be fifty cents a volume. The first number—a new impression of Miss McClelland's 'Oblivion'—will appear at once. The second will be a new novel by Thomas Wharton, author of 'A Latter-Day Saint.'

—Emperor William has approved the proposal to have a portrait of the novelist, Gustav Freytag, painted at the expense of the State.

—Among the wedding presents received by Christine Nilsson is one from the Queen consisting of a photograph of Her Majesty in an oxidized silver frame. Beneath the portrait is the autograph signature: 'Victoria, Reg., Osborne, June 14, 1886.'

—Mr. Charles Aldrich, whose collection of autograph letters, etc., was described in these columns on the 20th of July, quotes Mr. Francis Darwin as his authority for the statement that the engraving of Charles Darwin published in *Harper's Monthly* shortly after the great scientist's death is regarded by his family as the best portrait of him ever made.

—The branch organizations of the American Opera Company throughout the United States are capitalized as follows:—Boston and Chicago, each \$100,000; Philadelphia, \$50,000; Washington, \$50,000; St. Louis, \$50,000; Louisville, \$25,000; Cleveland, \$50,000. Other similar local organizations are in process of formation. Among the incorporators of the National Conservatory outside of New York are: Henry L. Higginson, Boston; Frank Thompson, Philadelphia; T. Harrison Garrett, Baltimore; A. Howard Hinkle, Cincinnati; N. K. Fairbanks, Chicago; Leopold Methudy, St. Louis; and Timothy Hopkins, San Francisco. 'Thus,' in the language of the Directors, 'while the American Opera Company and the National Conservatory of Music maintain separate organizations, the Conservatory enables the Opera to rely permanently upon a supply of fresh and well-trained voices, and the Opera enables the Conservatory to depend upon a permanent outlet for the talent it develops.'

—T. Y. Crowell & Co. will publish immediately 'The Great Masters of Russian Literature in the Nineteenth Century,' by Ernest Dupuy, translated by N. H. Dole, and provided with an appendix giving extracts from, critical and biographical notes upon, and portraits of, the authors mentioned.

—Jules Verne's eldest son, Michel, referring to the wound inflicted on his father last March by a crazy nephew, writes to a correspondent: 'My father, who cannot yet write, asks me to thank you for your friendly letter and your newspaper cuttings which you have sent to him. My father is much better, the wound is almost entirely closed, and complete convalescence is but a matter of a few weeks.'

—The remains of the poet Schneckendorfer, author of 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' were disinterred on the 16th inst. from the grave wherein they have reposed at Burgdorf, Switzerland, since the poet's death, for removal and final burial at Thalheim, near Tuttlingen, in Wurtemberg, South Germany, where Schneckendorfer was born. The disinterment and removal of the remains were accompanied by solemn funeral services, and great crowds of people followed the coffin to the railway station. At Tuttlingen a monument is being erected in the poet's honor.

—Frederick Warne & Co. will issue in the fall, uniform with their Chandos Edition of Knight's Half-Hours, a new edition, in six volumes, of the 'History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France, from 1807 to 1814,' by Gen. Napier. The next volume of the Library Edition of the Chandos Classics will be the 'Sháh Náme'h' of Firdausi, carefully revised by Rev. J. A. Atkinson, son of the original translator.

—The 'Mercedes' of Aldrich's 'Mercedes, and Later Lyrics' (1884) is to be played by Mr. Barrett at the Star Theatre in September. The drama is written in prose, excepting two songs—a soldiers' bivouac song and a lullaby. It is divided in two acts, and introduces seven or eight speaking characters. The scene is laid in Spain during the great Peninsular wars.

—Benson J. Lossing has written a monograph on André and Hale, 'The Two Spies,' which the Appletons will publish soon. The same house also announce 'A Politician's Daughter,' by Myra Sawyer Hamlin, daughter of ex-Senator F. H. Sawyer and granddaughter by marriage of the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin; and 'Studies in Modern Socialism and Labor Problems,' by T. Edwin Brown, D.D., of Providence.

—Henry Kirke Brown, the sculptor of the equestrian statue of Washington in Union Square, New York, the equestrian statues of Gen. Scott and Gen. Greene in Washington, and other celebrated works, was buried at Newburg on the 14th inst. President Huntington of the National Academy of Design, Prof. John F. Weir of the Yale School of Fine Arts, J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor, Mr. S. P. Avery, Mr. Maynard, Mr. Jervis McEntee and other artists and friends attended the funeral. Mr. Brown was buried beside his wife on his own pleasant grounds on the Hudson. His heir is his wife's nephew, Mr. Henry K. Bush Brown, a young gentleman who is studying sculpture in Paris.

Publications Received.

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notices of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.]

Adams, Oscar Fay. July.....Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.
Arnold, Thomas. History of the Rebellion. Book VI.....Macmillan & Co.
As Common Mortals. A Novel.....Boston: Cassell & Co.
Brooks, Henry M. Quaint and Curious Advertisements.....Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Byron, Lord. Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Ed. by W. J. Rolfe.....Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Clement, Clara Erskine. Handbook of Christian Symbols.....Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Danforth, Parke. Not in the Prospectus. soc.....Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Dolan, T. M. Hydrophobia: Pasteur's Methods.....London, Eng.: H. K. Lewis.

Herford, Charles H. Studies in Literary Relations of England and Germany in the Sixteenth Century.....Cambridge, England: University Press.
Hollister, O. J. Life of Schuyler Colfax.....Boston: Funk & Wagnalls.
Homoeopathy. Address by V. Y. Bowditch. soc.....Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.
Jeffries, Richard. The Open Air. 25c.....Boston: Harper & Bros.
Johnson, Samuel. Rasselas.....Boston: Ginn & Co.
Knortz, Karl. Walt Whitman.....Deutscher Gesellig-Wissenschaftlicher Verein.
Knudsen, C. W. English Dictionary. \$1.....South Norwalk, Conn.: Golding Bros.
Merrylees, John. Carlsbad: Plan and Illustrations. \$2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Pomegranate Seed. A Novel. 20c.....Harper & Bros.
Ruskin, John. Præterita. Vol. II., Chap. IV. 25c.....John Wiley & Sons.
Shoppell's Modern Houses. \$1.....Co-operative Building Plan Association.
Stanley, Jane. A Daughter of the Gods. 25c.....Harper & Bros.
Stevenson, Robert Louis. Kidnapped. \$1.....Charles Scribner's Sons.
Ventura, L. D., and Shevitch, S. Misfits and Remnants. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Whiton, James Morris. Preparation for Reading Caesar.....Boston: Ginn & Co.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

ANSWERS.

No. 996.—The poem is by Carlos Wilcox. I have copied it out for the benefit of your correspondent:

ROUSE TO SOME NOBLE WORK.

Would'st thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?
Balm would'st thou gather for corroding grief?
Four blessings 'round thee like a shower of gold?
'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty; not when all unrolled,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair,
Breathes freely its perfume throughout the ambient air.

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest those lost years should haunt thee on the night
When Death is waiting for thy numbered hours,
To take their swift and everlasting flight;
Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,
And be thy thought to work divine address;
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

Some high or numble enterprise of good
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
Pray heaven for firmness, thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed and feelings purely kind;
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

No good of worth sublime will heaven permit
To light on man as from the passing air;
The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
If not protected, pruned and fed with care,
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare;
And learning is a plant that spreads and towers,
Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,
That 'mid gay thousands, with the suns and showers
Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.

Has immortality of name been given
To them that idly worship hills and groves,
And burn sweet incense to the queen of heaven?
Did Newton learn from fancy as it roves
To measure worlds and follow where each moves?
Did Howard gain renown that shall not cease
By wanderings wild that nature's pilgrim loves?
Or did Paul gain heaven's glory and its peace
By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of Greece?

Beware lest thou from sloth, that would appear
But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim
Thy want of worth, a charge thou could'st not hear
From other lips, without a blush of shame,
Or pride indignant; then be thine the blame,
And make thyself of worth; and thus enlist
The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame.
'Tis infamy to die and not be missed,
Or let all soon forget that thou didst ere exist.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love
And thou an angel's happiness shall know,
Shalt bless the earth, while in the world above
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.

NEWTON, MASS.

M. J. B.

To the young face Ponzoni's Powder gives fresher charm; to the old, renewed youth. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers.